

FORD TIMES

MAY 1981



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FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

May 1981, Vol. 73, No. 5

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Cover: Your local dealer introduced the Ford EXP April 9. A story about this new fuel-efficient two-seater leads our Spring Pictorial Review of Ford cars and trucks, beginning on page 19.



Amecameca

If you want to see Mexican village life in a setting with a breathtaking background, this is the place

by Geraldine Merken

photos by Mario Casasola

IF YOU HAVE only one day to spare for a side trip from Mexico City and are torn between viewing village life and seeing something more spectacular — you actually have no problem. Amecameca can supply you with both.

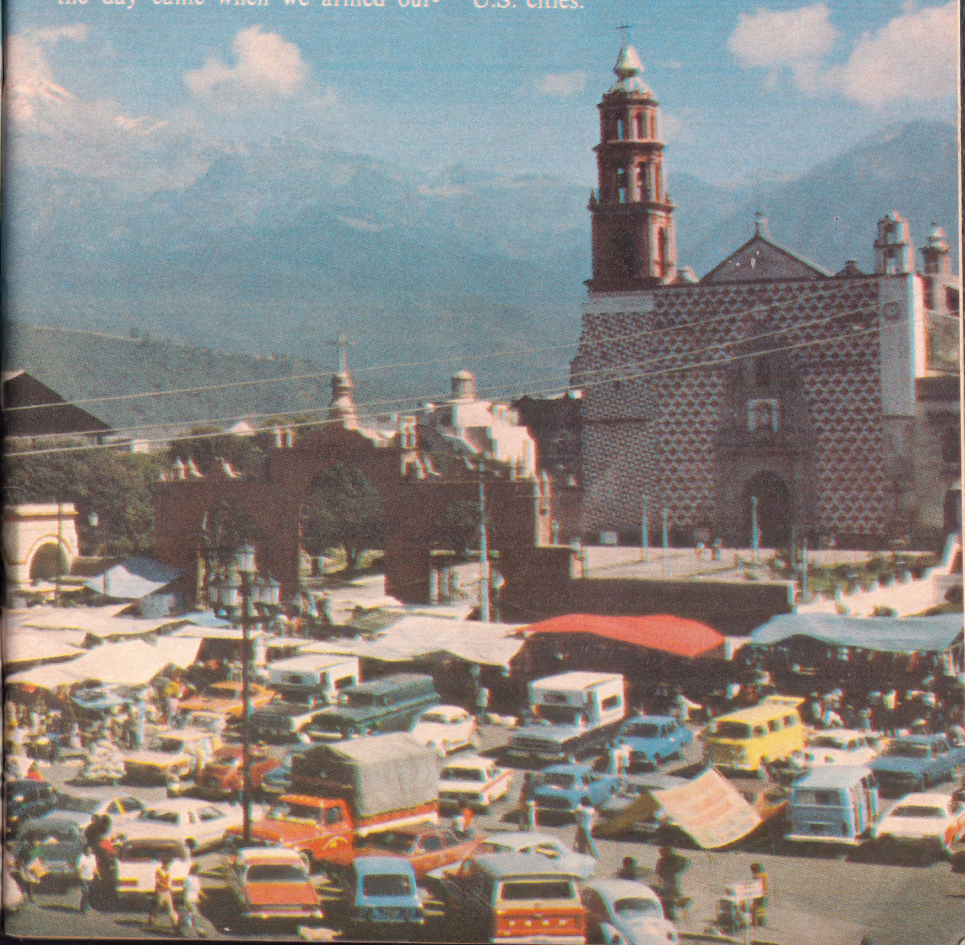
We first heard about Amecameca from two young Israelis who, like us, were keeping a vigil in Dolores Hidalgo for a bus that specialized in flat tires. While we waited, they told us



about their next objective — an un-touristed but pleasant village, one hour from Mexico City, from which they were going to storm the summits of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl. Though we are not in the summit-storming class ourselves, their enthusiasm inspired us to plan our own assault on the Ixta-Popo Park picnic grounds.

After our arrival in Mexico City, the day came when we armed our-

selves with a bottle of our favorite Mexican *tinto* wine (don't ask for *rojo* or you'll get *rosé*), a couple of warm sweaters and the directions to the Omnibus Cristobal Colon at Calzada Zaragoza 38. We took the metro to the Zaragoza Station and then walked one block to the bus depot. There we found that buses to Amecameca ran often and the price was about equivalent to that of a subway ride in most U.S. cities.



One hour later, we were in Amecameca. From the bus station, we walked through comfortably warm, dusty streets to the relaxed, sprawling plaza that disdained the usual geometric precision. There we found benches, a handful of shade trees and a few blades of grass — which were treated with great respect. And, fanning out on one side of the plaza, were the street vendors, a colorful jumble of stalls and a large enclosed market.

It was all pleasant, friendly and unspectacular — until we looked up and spotted the incredible white-etched peaks of 17,342-foot Ixtaccihuatl and 17,887-foot Popocatepetl preempting a major share of the sky. When you find yourself on nodding terms with two majestic, extinct volcanoes, it is not only breathtaking but downright disconcerting.

Having spotted those snowy peaks, we were eager to set out for our picnic at the national park. But first we had to buy the makings. The enclosed market had a bakery and, old hands at bake-shop protocol, we took a round metal tray and a pair of tongs and made our selections from the shelves. Then we made the rounds of the fruit stands and, ignoring the temptation of fruit that we were not equipped to peel, bought oranges, bananas and a small bag of pecans. All of which set us back about a dollar.

We were now ready to board the bus for Ixta-Popo Park. The only problem was that the bus was not ready for us. In fact, we couldn't find it anywhere. What we did find was a somewhat battered station wagon leaning against the curb near the plaza. The driver seemed to be telling us that the trip would cost \$10 — but



he was not prepared to make a trip right then.

All other prices considered, this seemed a bit incredible. We wandered through the market looking for someone who spoke English and could interpret for us. Though our search was a failure, we enjoyed it thoroughly. Amecameca's "big" market is on Sundays. This was just the small, everyday market and its low-key atmosphere and lack of crowds had a charm of its own. We must have passed, but not seen, similar paper birds, odd-shaped cups and hand-knotted hammocks at other, more frantic, markets. In addition there were the ceramic ornaments and brilliantly colored knitted caps and gloves — a specialty of the town. And, while no one could unravel the bus mystery for us, they were all happy to try.

Our search ended in one of the town offices. Not with someone who spoke English but with someone who managed to understand my basic Spanish. From him we learned that the station wagon was indeed the only transportation to Popo Park that day and that, alas, it was very expensive, but that, most happily, if enough people shared the one-hour ride the cost went down proportionately.

Reassured that we were not being "taken," we returned to the station wagon all set for our picnic on a volcano. But now that we were there, the driver wasn't. We suspected a siesta. It was 1 p.m. We were starving. We headed for the nearest shady bench, opened our lunch bags, and set our

eyes on the snowy mountain peaks as we began eating.

Because I had remembered the corkscrew but forgotten the cups, we had to drink our wine straight from the bottle. As I took a sip, a well-dressed young man went by and tried very hard not to smile. Because it did not take much imagination to know that there was something amusing about a middle-aged North American matron tipping in the main plaza, I smiled my understanding. He waved and hurried off. In a minute he returned with a sparkling-clean glass that he pressed into my hand while murmuring polite phrases. In a more practical aside, he combined easy Spanish words with gestures to indicate that I should put the glass behind the nearest tree when I had finished — and once again left.

After lunch, and after checking with the station wagon driver who now had two other "definites" and was expecting two more on the next bus, we decided to explore the town. Amecameca has a few guidebook "musts" — though we were unaware of that at the time.

One, the Shrine of Sacromonte, is a famous pilgrimage site above the western part of town. We remember it primarily because of the bulky old woman who proudly pointed out all the wonders of her church and then, even more proudly, directed our attention to "her" mountains.

Descending from the church, we wandered through schoolyards where we discovered that handball is very



popular in Mexico — at least, in Amecameca. We passed by backyards where we found it hard to decide if those small children were watching the cattle or if it were the other way around.

And then we met the glass-giver once again. This time he was crossing the street with a group of workmen — a shovel on his shoulder, wearing faded overalls and a workshirt. He stopped and we talked. He asked us what we had seen of his town, made a few suggestions, asked many questions about our own hometown, told us it sounded wonderful and that perhaps someday he would visit, but admitted with a smile that he would never want to be away from Ameca-

meca for very long. The other workmen were long out of sight when we reluctantly said our good-byes.

Somehow it was 5 o'clock. As we crossed the plaza, two teenage girls from Minneapolis materialized, complete with mountain climbing equipment, to tell us that the station wagon driver was ready to go. We went back and thanked him but it was too late for us. Perhaps on our next visit we could go up through the cool pine forests to picnic in the sky. Now, as we boarded the bus for Mexico City, we assured each other that, while we may have missed the view from the top, we had had the best of all possible views of Ixtacihuatl and Popocatepetl in all their grandeur. □

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manual or automatic transmission.

FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION



Riding Double



A tandem bicycle requires
teamwork, but you go like the wind
and have twice the fun

by Rose Ann Collins

photos by Stephen Reker

HEADS TURN and eyes widen, but people usually smile when a bicycle-built-for-two goes by. It's something out of the ordinary — something we tend to associate with a gentler age, when straw-hatted men

courted long-skirted women on pleasant Sunday afternoon outings.

Today, people are rediscovering the bicycle-built-for-two, popularly called a tandem. Riders are still mostly couples, but instead of young courting pairs, they're usually over 30 and married. Instead of straw hats, long skirts, and white flannel trousers, they wear lightweight helmets, black riding shorts and colorful his-and-her matching shirts. Instead of just Sunday afternoon outings, they ride a couple of times a week and often drive hundreds of miles to weekend tandem rallies and week-long tandem vacations.

Why this rebirth of interest in the bicycle-built-for-two? Perhaps it's because some bicyclists have discovered a secret: Bicycling is twice as much fun and half as much work on a bicycle-built-for-two. Just as two heads are sometimes better than one, on a bicycle four legs are definitely better than two.

You can go faster and farther with less effort and thus enjoy the whole trip more. Swooping down a hill full speed on a tandem or accelerating on the straightaway with a well-matched partner are thrills that must be felt to be appreciated. No single bicycle can match the speed of a tandem down hills or on level ground. And tandems come with as many as 18 gears, which enable you to take most hills rather easily.

Tandem riding is more sociable, too. Anyone who has ever tried to hold a conversation while riding a single

bicycle knows the problems: Riding side by side takes up too much room on the road for safety; voices must be pitched to carry over the wind, and, if riders really get engrossed in a conversation, they are apt to run into each other. On a tandem, conversation is easy and safe.

The riding positions on a tandem are distinctly different. Each has its advantages. The front rider is called the Captain and he or she controls the steering, gear shifting, and braking. The main advantage of this position is an uninterrupted view of what's ahead. It's a little more work to ride as Captain, but many like the feeling of being in control. The rear rider is aptly called the Stoker and is responsible only for helping to power the tandem. The Stoker is free to enjoy the scenery on all sides and might also read the maps and pass snacks to the Captain.

With the resurgence of tandem bicycling, it was inevitable that a club would form to put riders across the country in touch with each other. In 1976, the Tandem Club of America was started by Malcolm Boyd. From an initial membership of 45, it has grown to 700 members. The club publishes a bimonthly newsletter providing a forum for tandem riders to exchange technical ideas and information, to share tandem experiences and to arrange tandem rallies and vacations. For more information about the club, you can write to Boyd at 19 Lakeside Drive N. W., Medford, New Jersey 08055. □

EVERY SUMMER thousands of tourists swarm into Yellowstone National Park, crowding the roads and parking lots, to see Old Faithful and Yellowstone Falls. They line up at the north, south, east and west entrances, where park rangers collect fees and hand out literature. In the parking lots are the license plates of every state in the union, plus those of foreign countries.

Buses bring in hundreds of people every day, but the majority of the sightseers come in their own cars. And most of them are equipped with a sack of cookies intended for feeding bears out the car windows, in spite of printed and posted warnings: DO NOT FEED THE BEARS.

What these visitors don't yet know is that most of the bears are gone from the roadside, and this has eliminated at least one traffic hazard: the "bear jam." However, the glimpse of an elk or moose still causes an immediate clutter of cars hastily parked along the road shoulders, with



The Yellowstone Park

Entering the park's "back door" can pay dividends—

hundreds of yelling kids spilling out and dozens of cameras clicking away.

Most visitors see only those parts of the park where it is convenient to park, so their experience is limited, indeed. Few of them ever see the Yellowstone that I know.

In the extreme southwest corner of Yellowstone Park there is a little-known and little-used "back door" entrance, reached over a gravel road from Ashton, Idaho. Just east of Ashton, branching off State Highway 47, the gravel road runs through the



Almost Nobody Knows

particularly if you like to avoid crowds

story and photos by Fred Winckel

Targhee National Forest for about 20 miles. It travels through scattered stands of aspen and lodgepole pine interspersed with open meadows filled with wild flowers.

Eventually the road becomes asphalt and, as it continues eastward,

the stands of lodgepole pine become more dense. Pay close attention here: This is still the Targhee National Forest and you may see rock chucks sunning themselves on top of their dens. Just before you reach the park boundary, there is an excellent public



campground that not many people know about.

For this reason the campground is usually half empty in the summer and completely empty the rest of the year.

There is no toll gate and no park ranger at the distinctive Park Service sign that tells you that you are entering Yellowstone Park. Another hundred feet and another sign informs you that if you are going fishing the limit is two trout per day, and bait fishing is not permitted. A park fishing permit is required.

Yellowstone encourages its visiting fishermen but protects its fishing resources.

A few hundred yards farther there is a glimpse of the sparkling Falls River among the trees. A pull-out here provides parking space and a close view of the first series of falls. The ground is volcanic and the river runs over a series of ledges with white-water falls and swirling runs. Trout fishermen will automatically reach for





their fly rods, and photographers for their cameras.

After another hundred yards or so the road ends in a circle. Parking space is available here among the trees, and several foot paths lead toward the river. From this point on, exploring visitors must walk. The roar of Cave Falls is heard and the spray and mist of the falling water rise above the river. You can't ask for a more scenic place to test your skill with your camera.

From Cave Falls follow the path a short distance among the trees to where the Falls River and the Bechler River merge. A park signboard advises you about trail conditions and about the wildlife. There are no steaming geysers here and no bubbling mud pots, but your walk will

reward you with nature's serenity and a scenic beauty not found in other parts of the park. Follow the Bechler for another half mile and you will come to Bechler Falls. This is as spectacular as Cave Falls, and it is also a great place for photography and fishing.

The trail winds still farther into the park, with the river leading the way, running quietly in some places and spilling its white water over broken ledges in others. You may scare up flocks of waterfowl now and then, or hear the startling thunder of a grouse taking off from its hiding place. Eagles will circle overhead, and if you walk quietly after sundown you may surprise an elk or moose coming to the river to feed and drink.

This is a part of the park that almost nobody knows. □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

*In which you can find a little
bit of everything but gloves*

Save Money at the Pump — *Chilton's More Miles Per Gallon Guide*, by Ron Weiers, is a must for all fuel economy-conscious drivers. This guide offers more than 450 practical tips on how you can save money on gasoline. It is available in bookstores, or you can order a copy for \$7.95 from Chilton Book Company, Radnor, Pennsylvania 19089.

Grandfather Fight in the Civil War? — His veteran's service records are available from several sources. For addresses and order blanks, send a first-class stamp to S.S.M.S., 1725 Farmer Avenue, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

Entertainment From Ford — A recent Ford Division major-option study shows that new-car buyers are increasing their demands for more sophisticated entertainment systems. Seventy-nine percent of all Ford LTD buyers, for example, now order an AM/FM stereo radio with a tape system, compared to only 29 percent in 1975.

Fest for All — The Arts and Humanities Council of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is sponsoring an annual summer arts festival May 29-31 featuring the work of 170 artists and craftsmen from all over the country. There will also be performers who will showcase talents such as ballet, modern dance, the martial arts, jazz, blues, bluegrass, popular, folk and classical music. There will also be drama, puppet and magic shows for the kids. And you'll get a chance to choose any of a dozen different ethnic and Louisiana foods such as jambalaya and gumbo. For additional information, write Everett Powers, Arts and Humanities Council of Greater Baton Rouge, 427 Laurel Street, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70801.

The Backpacking Woman — Now the 10 million women who are confirmed backpackers can learn how to deal with the special problems of women in the outdoors. This new book by Lynn Thomas has tips on everything from the art of buying a pack and proper boots to how to balance a healthy sense of fear with a lot of know-how, survival tools and common sense. It also contains name brands of clothing and equipment designed for women. The author writes regularly for *Camping* and *Adventure* Travel magazines. *The Backpacking Woman* is available in bookstores, or you can order a copy for \$6.95 from Doubleday & Co., Inc., 501 Franklin Avenue, Garden City, New York 11530.

Running Errands

They were never easy
the way Mama asked you
to do them

by Jean Tigar

illustrations by Bruce Bond

IN A DAY and age when you did not dare tell your Mama there were just some things you would rather not do, I was the original procurer of take-out foods. Of course, the whole system has now become so refined, not to say widespread, that it is a far cry from Mama's original method. But even then the procedure was inexpensive and foolproof, and did not need a battery of trained people behind the counters to attend to FAST FOOD ORDERS, TAKE-OUTS or speedy BOXED-TO-GO.

Eating places, as a matter of fact, didn't generally *have* boxes — except for the ice cream parlor. There the clerks were prepared to scoop your order into a carton that had a metal

handle across the top to make it easy to carry.

On a hot evening — the flat we lived in over Papa's store in the downtown business section could be stifling in summer — Mama would decide we needed some ice cream for dessert. I would be given money and a bowl. Take-out foods à la Mama meant that a container of some kind *had* to be proffered in addition to the money, even for ice cream. The clerk would put exactly five scoops of ice cream into the bowl for 25 cents, so it was the same price as five dishes of ice cream served in the store. But Mama was certain that if you brought your own container, you got more.

The Morris Lunch errand was tougher than the ice cream errand because the Morris Lunch was several blocks farther away than the confectionery. It had delicious rice pudding. Papa loved it. Mama would hand me the bowl (same shape and color as the



ice cream bowl but a little larger) and the money.

I would get five portions of rice pudding and, walking rapidly, bring it back and take it upstairs the *front* way. Such food was not to be brought in through the store. Mama and I never discussed it. But I knew a tacit mum's-the-word when it was indicated. (Such is husbandly trust, however, that when we occasionally ate at the Morris Lunch, Papa would order rice pudding and always proclaim that Mama's was better.)

The paper bag I took with me for such a burden always ended up damp and sloppy. It would go limp and fall in at the top, and fall apart across the moist bottom so that the bowl became slippery. And rice pudding, even in a bowl large enough to accommodate its slithery singularities, is sly and unpredictable enough to begin with. You have to grasp the bowl with both hands and carry it far enough away from yourself to avoid slopping — an outlandish way of walking that makes everybody coming toward you want to see what you have there, and then scrutinize *you* to try to figure out why.

The clam chowder errand was the one I hated worst of all, though. I would walk down Fourth Street to the Aquarium Restaurant. I'd give the man the pitcher and the money. It would be Friday night at exactly 5 o'clock because Mama was positive that on Fridays at 5, the Aquarium's chowder was always hot and fresh. Now if people are curious about



what's inside a bowl you are carrying, you ought to see the way they behave about a pitcher! (You simply *must* carry a hot pitcher naked, by the way. You can't grasp a bag-enclosed pitcher. And if you try, the steam keeps pouring densely out of the limp top of the bag, intriguing passers-by more sharply than if it were Aladdin's lamp.)

On clam chowder nights I'd raise the pitcher higher and higher to keep its contents hidden and mysterious. Most people were taller than I, though. And the pitcher couldn't be

raised too high, lest I run the risk of spilling its contents. I would manage to stare straight ahead, trying to give the impression that I was (a) a new member being initiated into an exclusive sorority or (b) a novice bearing incense to an ancient and venerable temple or (c) somebody newly out of her mind that nobody had better tamper with.

It was the Wigwam Market errand that proved to be the most unforgettable, however. The Wigwam Market was on the way to the public library. Unfortunately it had frequent newspaper-advertised specials toward which Mama was unendingly tempted. It was, in fact, never safe to let Mama know that you were taking books back. Mama could find things for you to buy even when they weren't on sale.

But I have always been convinced that Mama was clairvoyant — you didn't need to say anything. On this occasion I had just made up my mind to return my books after school when Mama said, "When you go to the library today, get me four bottles of ketchup, please." (Mama was astounding in many ways. I once tried that kind of mind-reading act on my own kids and they thought me very quaint and the whole idea hilarious. It turned out they weren't going anywhere.)

So I left the Wigwam cradling the four bottles of ketchup atop my schoolbooks and the uneven pile of books to be returned to the library.

The Wigwam Market never put

your purchases in bags. The clerks used wrapping paper and thin string that they tied around the bundle several times.

The package and I were friends when we first started out. But after a while the string loosened, the paper shifted and the bottles were just being held together with mostly ineffectual twine. The ketchup and the stack of books were not at all compatible. It was an ungainly burden. And by the time we all reached the library, what had started out to be a drizzle had turned into a downpour. I could cheerfully have smashed the bottles on the sidewalk.

Perhaps that's why it happened. After I'd returned the old books and had the new ones checked out, I arranged my load as comfortably as I could and started out the door.

But the library door led to a vestibule with a short flight of white marble steps. They were wet from the tracks of incoming patrons. Despite my careful maneuvering, I slipped on the second step from the top. The books, the ketchup and I tumbled down with a thud. *Many* thuds, in fact. And much tinkling. For the bottles of ketchup flew out of their already loose moorings, smashed loudly on the steps and enveloped everything in sight with a rich and hideous redness.

I heard agitated footsteps and worried clucking of tongues behind me. The janitor had either seen and heard my accident from inside or had been quickly alerted. Behind him came his

helper, each of them obviously worried and rushing to be of assistance.

What could I tell them? That I had smashed several bottles of ketchup all over my bright yellow coat, that it really wasn't blood? *Then* what would they do to me? The glass had chipped unevenly and shattered minutely. I was a truly sanguinary spectacle, an all-encompassing mess. And the ketchup had showered the



entire vestibule.

What was there to do under the circumstances? Run, that's all, run! That's what I did. I scooped up my books, ketchup, mud and all, and I scooted out of there. Since I was not hurt in the least, I ran.

I am sure those poor men (who were certainly thinking of calling an ambulance) wondered how such a severely wounded person could make

it out the building and up the street. I could hear them calling after me, "Wait, little girl — wait, wait! Wait a minute!" long after I had left the library.

It was a hardship not to go back there for quite a while. I *missed* the library. But I waited till I felt the image of my badly cut self had faded and they would not know me when they saw me again. □

Spring Pictorial Review

Ford's New Cars and Trucks

In this special 33-page section we offer you a photo review of the 1981 Fords, plus a new midyear offering — the stunning Ford EXP. We bring you more on the Escort, which already has won "car of the year" awards from two major automotive publications, and more on Ford's truck lineup, which has been the best-selling truck line in America for four straight years. After you've looked over Ford's many choices, we hope you'll take the time to visit your local Ford dealer's showroom. You'll find a world of better ideas waiting for you there.

Ford EXP

Tomorrow Is Here

THE first time you see the 1982 Ford EXP, you'll get the feeling that driving this car is going to be different.

Notice its sloping hood, wedge-shaped front end, high deck lid, low silhouette and refined molding details. EXP is as aerodynamic as its sleek look suggests.

A new midyear offering, the EXP is a sweet-handling personal car that seats you and a passenger.

With the EXP, Ford engineers produced a car of world-class technology that has a fun-to-drive way with the road while still answering the fuel-efficient transportation needs of the 1980s (see gas mileage chart, pages

42-43). Here are some of EXP's engineering highlights:

- 1.6-liter CVH four-cylinder engine — A remarkably efficient design. Its machined hemispherical head and sculptured piston crown force the fuel-air mixture to the center of the combustion chamber. Fuel is burned efficiently to get the most power from every drop of gas.
- Front-wheel drive — Puts the weight up front where you need it for better all-around traction.
- Four-speed manual transaxle — Features an overdrive fourth gear for excellent fuel economy at cruising speeds.
- Four-wheel independent suspension



— Usually available only on expensive import sedans and sports cars. Consists of MacPherson struts and stabilizer bar up front, with modified MacPherson struts mounted independently at the rear wheels to absorb bumps and jolts individually.

- Front disc brakes — Have standard power assist for quick response.
- Rack and pinion steering — Provides a more direct linkage between the steering wheel and the front

wheels.

- All-season P-metric steel-belted radial tires — Have European wrap-around tread design for traction.

The Ford EXP's interior is equally well-equipped. The racing black instrument cluster includes tachometer (redlined at 6,000 rpm), speedometer with trip odometer, fuel and engine temperature gauges. Both driver and passenger high-back bucket seats fully recline.



Introduced at Ford dealerships in April, the Ford EXP is the auto industry's first 1982 model



Between the seats, a console displays additional instrumentation: ammeter and oil pressure gauge, plus warning lights to signal "door ajar" and "low fluid level" in windshield washer.



Other comfort and convenience features include a dome lamp/map light that swings down and pivots,

Above left: EXP's instrumentation. Left: Optional reclining low-back bucket seats with shearling-and-leather seating surfaces. Below: EXP is as aerodynamic as its sleek look suggests





Above: EXP features "notchback" design. Right: Cargo area includes privacy curtain and cargo cover

remote-control sport mirror, inside hood release, luxury carpeting, electric rear window defroster, deluxe sound insulation package and more.

EXP's list of options is relatively short — because its list of standard features is so complete. However, you'll find nothing's been left out that might add to your enjoyment. EXP optional equipment includes:

- Split-torque automatic transaxle
- Flip-Up Open-Air Roof
- Air conditioner

- Deluxe luggage rack
- AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player
- Premium sound system
- Tu-tone paint/tape treatment

Ford EXP: a car full of pleasant surprises. □

Escort

Built to Take on the World—and Doing It



Escort GL three-door hatchback





Above: Escort GLX three-door hatchback. Left: Reclining low-back bucket seats in GLX ribbed vinyl. Below: Escort SS four-door liftgate. Right: Escort L three-door hatchback





Granada

Built With a Commitment to Quality



Granada L four-door





Above: Granada GLX two-door. Below: GLX four-door





Above: GLX instrument panel.
Right: Optional split bench seats.
Below: Granada GL two-door





The Leadership Lineup

WHEN you choose a truck from your Ford dealer, you're choosing from America's No. 1 truck line. Ford dealers were the industry's truck sales champions in 1980, their fourth consecutive year in the top position and their eighth year of leadership in the past 11.

Ford Motor Company was the first to redesign totally most of its truck models to meet the needs of the 1980s. And Americans liked what they saw.

In 1980, Ford dealers delivered 794,520 trucks, 38,029 units ahead of Chevrolet. Ford dealers outsold Chevrolet dealers in every domestic truck

segment in which they both compete — pickup, bus, van, utility and medium/heavy. Deliveries of the Ford pickup, traditionally the best-selling vehicle in the United States, topped the 475,000 mark.

Ford trucks are economical to operate, too (see fuel economy chart, pages 42-43). Ford's 1981 4x2 pickup is the first and only pickup that is rated at 21 EPA-estimated mpg *and* that can deliver more than 2,500 pounds of payload. And Ford offers the only eight-cylinder pickup available with the fuel-saving automatic overdrive transmission. No van tops



From left: Courier, Econoline Cargo Van, L-Series, CL-9000 Series, F-Series medium/heavy, Bronco, F-Series 4x2 pickups

Ford's gas mileage: 19 EPA-estimated mpg. On Ford 4x4 pickups,

Ford dealers were the industry's truck sales champions in 1980, their fourth consecutive year in the top position and their eighth year of leadership in the past 11.

the EPA-estimated mpg of 18 is best in its class for domestic models and a 20 percent boost over 1980. And Ford's

medium/heavy trucks are specifically designed for either diesel power or Ford's modern Lima gas engines.

This spring, Ford increases its truck offerings with the introduction of the LTL-9000, the Company's biggest heavy truck yet.

Whatever size truck you're interested in, look to Ford — the leadership lineup. □

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Pickups

Best-Selling Trucks in America



Above: F-100 4x4 with Victoria Tu-Tone. Right: Automatic locking hubs, a new 4x4 option for '81



Above: F-100 Flareside with Free Wheeling Package "A." Right: Ranger Lariat instrument panel. Below: F-250 SuperCab XLT with Victoria Tu-Tone

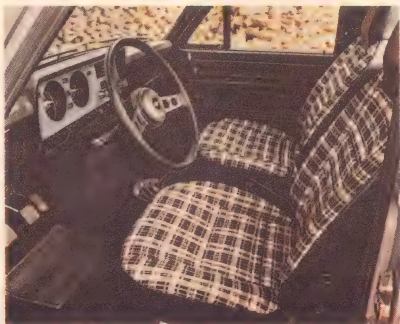
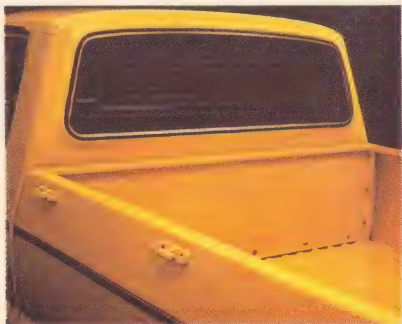


Courier

A Pickup for the Young and Young at Heart



Above: Courier XLT. Below left: Electric rear window defroster is part of Cold Weather Group. Below right: Sport Group includes individually adjustable bucket seats in vinyl with plaid fabric inserts



Bronco

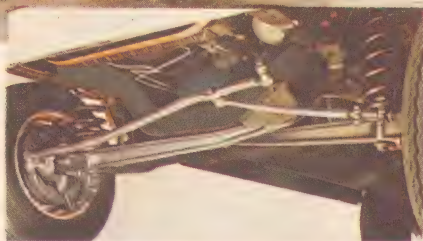
An Advanced Family Four-Wheeler



Clockwise, from top: Bronco XLT with Victoria Tu-Tone; optional underhood tool storage box; worklight with 20-foot retractable cord is part of Light Group

Econoline Van and Club

Featuring Ford's Out-Front Design



Above: E-150 with pinstripe treatment. Right: Both Econoline and Club Wagon feature Ford's famous Twin-I-Beam front suspension. Below: Econoline RV Cutaway provides tough chassis for camper conversions



Wagon



Above: King of Clubs is Ford's most luxurious Club Wagon. Right: King of Club's interior. Below: Super Wagon with Chateau trim and Center Accent Tu-Tone



Medium and Heavy Trucks

Ford Means Business in Big Trucks

Introduced just this spring, Ford's LTL-9000





Clockwise, from top: CLT-9000, F-700 diesel, CLT-9000 Hi-level interior



For 1981...Ford's Most Fuel-Efficient Lineup Ever!

Check these impressive mpg ratings. Then test drive the Ford of your choice at your Ford dealer's

MODEL	ENGINE/TRANSMISSION	EPA EST. MPG	HIGH- WAY EST. MPG
Escort	1.6-liter/4-speed manual overdrive*	30	44
	(3-door 1.6-liter/4-speed manual overdrive	28	44
	hatchback) 1.6-liter/automatic	26	36
Escort	1.6-liter/4-speed manual overdrive	27	42
	(4-door lift-gate wagon) 1.6-liter/automatic	26	36
Ford EXP	1.6-liter/4-speed manual overdrive	29	46**
	1.6-liter/automatic	26	38
Mustang	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	34
	2.3-liter/5-speed manual overdrive	22	37
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	31
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	20	30
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	20	28
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	19	28
Fairmont	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	34
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	31
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	20	28
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	25

Fairmont Wagon	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	34
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	18	24
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	25
Granada	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	23	34
	2.3-liter/automatic	22	31
	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	19	25
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	25
Thunderbird	3.3-liter (200-CID)/automatic	18	24
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	18	25
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic overdrive	18	28
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	16	26
Ford LTD	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic overdrive	18	26
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	16	25
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic overdrive	15	26
Ford LTD Wagon	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	16	25
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic overdrive	14	24
Courier Pickup	2.0-liter/4-speed manual	27	38
	2.0-liter/5-speed manual overdrive	27	39
	2.3-liter/4-speed manual	22	31
	2.3-liter/5-speed manual overdrive	22	31
	2.3-liter/automatic	20	26

*Applicable to units without air conditioning and power steering.

**Applicable to units built after March 1981.

F-100/F-150	4.2-liter (255-CID)/3-speed manual	17	24
4x2 Pickup	4.2-liter (255-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	17	26
	4.2-liter (255-CID)/automatic	16	20
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual		
	or 4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear.....	20	27
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	21	29
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	17	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/3-speed manual	16	23
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	16	27
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	16	21
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	16	24
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/3-speed manual or		
	4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear.....	13	18
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	14	21
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	14	18

F-250 4x2	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual or		
Pickup	4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear.....	19	26
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	17	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/3-speed manual		
	or 4-speed manual w/creeper 1st gear.....	15	20
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	15	24
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	15	18
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic overdrive	14	22
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	13	20
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual		
	w/creeper 1st gear	13	18
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	13	18

E-100/150	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual	19	24
Econoline	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	19	26
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	16	21
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/3-speed manual	15	21

	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	15	22
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	15	19
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	13	18

E-250

Econoline	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual	18	23
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	16	20
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	15	18
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	12	16

E-100/150	4.9-liter (300-CID)/3-speed manual	17	22
Club Wagon	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	16	22
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/automatic	14	18
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/3-speed manual	14	19
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	14	20
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	13	18
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	12	16

Bronco	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	18	24
	4.9-liter (300-CID)/4-speed manual		
	w/creeper 1st gear	16	20
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	14	20
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/4-speed manual		
	w/creeper 1st gear	15	20
	5.0-liter (302-CID)/automatic	14	19
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual overdrive	13	21
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/4-speed manual		
	w/creeper 1st gear	12	16
	5.8-liter (351-CID)/automatic	12	16

EPA figures are for comparison with the estimated miles per gallon of other cars and trucks. Your mileage may differ, depending on your speed, weather and distance. Actual highway mileage will probably be less than the highway estimate. California estimates usually differ.

Mustang

America's Most Popular
Sports Car





Clockwise, from top: Mustang
Cobra, AM/FM stereo radio with
cassette tape player, Mustang Ghia
two-door with Carriage Roof,
Mustang three-door with new T-
Roof, low-back bucket seats in
optional fine-ribbed cloth



Ford LTD

Discover a World Called LTD



Above: LTD Crown Victoria four-door. Left: Optional Illuminated Entry System



Above: LTD Wagon. Right: Cloth split bench seats are optional on LTD Crown Victoria. Below: LTD two-door



Thunderbird

The Thunder's Still There



Above: Heritage is top-of-the-line Thunderbird for 1981. Left: Town Landau has luxurious padded rear half vinyl roof with a new color-coordinated wrapover band and coach lamps



Above left: Town Landau's split bench seats, both individually adjustable, have dual recliners and separate armrests. Above right: Keyless Entry System, a Ford innovation. Below: Thunderbird with new Carriage Roof option



Fairmont

A Great American Family Car





Far left: Futura four-door. Above: Fairmont four-door. Left: Two column-mounted levers put several important functions at your fingertips. Below: Futura Squire



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS

by Nancy Kennedy



Arthur J. Barbour

HARBOR HAUS COPPER HARBOR, MICHIGAN

A welcome as warming as the featured homemade soups awaits visitors to this picturesque restaurant perched on the shores of Lake Superior in Michigan's famed copper country. Wide picture windows in this structure built in 1843 offer diners a panoramic view of the lake. The hosts are Maiken and Fritz Ehlers. Harbor Haus is closed from October 15 to June 1 but is open daily the rest of the year for breakfast, lunch and dinner. It is two blocks north of U.S. 41.

VIENNA CHEESE SOUP

1 cup chopped onion

2 cups chopped celery
2 tablespoons butter
8 cups water
6 teaspoons chicken base (see note)
2 cups grated carrots
2 ounces chopped pimentos
16-ounce jar Cheese Whiz
1 cup cream

Sauté onion and celery in butter until soft. Add water and chicken base and bring to boiling. Add carrots and pimento, return to boiling for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in cheese until melted. Stir in cream and keep warm over hot water (do not boil). Serves 6 to 8.

Note: Chicken base, one of a family of concentrates used by chefs, is now available for home cooks. For information on these bases write: Flavour Base, P.O. Box 2515, Dearborn, Michigan 48123. Chicken bouillon may be substituted.

THE BEAVER CLUB

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA

Crown jewel of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel's dining rooms, this restaurant is noted for fine and ample dining in the traditions of its founders, the wealthy fur merchants of early Montreal society. The Club was formed in the 1780s as a pleasant place in which to exchange information on pelts and to eat and drink heartily. In the heart of the city, it is open daily for lunch (except Saturday) and dinner. It features an authentic Swiss brunch on Sunday. Reservations necessary.

CREAMY TARRAGON VINAIGRETTE

- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 5 drops Tabasco
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon Dijon mustard

- 1 teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon aromatic bitters (optional)
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar
- 2 cups sunflower oil
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped tarragon leaves

Combine egg, Worcestershire sauce, Tabasco, mustard, salt, pepper, aromatic bitters and vinegar in electric blender. Run at high speed 30 seconds. Switch to low and very slowly pour in the oil. As soon as oil is incorporated, add parsley, onion and tarragon. Spin 10 seconds. Makes about 3 cups. Serve with green or chef's salad (below).

CHEF'S SALAD: On individual salad plates arrange a generous layer of shredded or torn lettuce. Top with julienne strips of ham, turkey or chicken, green onions, celery and cheese. Garnish with small tomato wedges and radishes.



Randall McKissick

LARK SUPPER CLUB TIFFIN, IOWA

For the past 30 years this attractive restaurant on U.S. 6 has been drawing high praise from travelers and area residents for its food, excellent service and pleasant atmosphere. Owned and managed by Robert and Shirley Thompson, it is open for dinner by reservation Monday through Saturday from 5 to 11 p.m. Nearby attractions include the Amana Colonies and the University of Iowa.

GRAND MARNIER SAUCE FOR ROAST DUCK

- ¼ cup orange peel julienne
- Water
- 1 cup orange juice
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- ¼ cup currant jelly
- 1½ tablespoons cornstarch

- ¼ cup cold water
- 1 tablespoon Grand Marnier

Cut orange peel in slices about the size of kitchen matches, remove white part and cover with water. Bring to boiling, boil 5 minutes, then drain. Combine orange juice, orange rind, sugar and jelly in saucepan. Bring to boiling, then stir in cornstarch dissolved in cold water. Cook and stir until thick and clear. Remove from heat and stir in Grand Marnier. At serving time, pour ½ cup sauce over duck and serve remaining sauce at the table. Cut duck in quarters to serve.

ROAST DUCK: Allow at least a half duckling per person and roast with or without stuffing. Two cored apples and a handful of celery leaves may be used inside for flavor. Place on rack in open roasting pan and prick in several places to drain off fat. Roast at 325° until tender, about 30 minutes to the pound. Turn often to brown evenly and pour off fat as it accumulates.



August Schug



TREY YUEN MANDEVILLE, LOUISIANA

Acclaimed by many as the "most beautiful restaurant in the South serving the best Chinese food in the United States," this restaurant is owned and operated by the youthful Wong brothers, on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain. Its name means "jade green garden." Open for dinner daily, it features a variety of Chinese cuisine: Cantonese, Hong Kong, Szechuan (hot), Peking, Hunan and Formosa. Trey Yuen is on U.S. 190 near the Lake Pontchartrain causeway, about a 40-minute drive from New Orleans.

SZECHAUN SPICED BEEF

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound flank steak

Marinade: 1 teaspoon water

1 teaspoon soy sauce

1 teaspoon cornstarch

1 teaspoon oil

Cooking oil

3 dried cherry peppers, seeded and broken

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon finely chopped garlic
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded carrots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded onions
 2 green onions, cut in 2-inch pieces
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon sesame seed oil
 2 teaspoons soy sauce
 1 teaspoon sugar
 1 teaspoon vinegar
 1 teaspoon sherry
 Cooked rice

Cut beef into thin slices, less than $\frac{1}{8}$ inch, then cut in 1-inch squares. (Meat partially frozen is easier to slice.) Mix ingredients for marinade, pour over meat and let stand 20 minutes. Heat wok or heavy skillet until hot. Add 5 teaspoons oil, heat 30 seconds. Then add beef and stir-fry until meat is browned. Remove meat and drain off oil. Reheat pan with 3 teaspoons oil. Add peppers and cook until brown. Add garlic, celery, carrots, onions and green onions. Stir-fry 2 minutes and return meat to pan. Add salt, oil, soy sauce, sugar, vinegar and sherry. Stir-fry 30 seconds and serve with rice. Serves 2. **Note:** Because this is rapid cooking, all ingredients must be prepared in advance and be ready to cook.



Ford-Cosworth Engine... the Racer's Edge

by Erika Gentry

ANOTHER BETTER IDEA from Ford — the award-winning Ford-Cosworth DFX engine — is again expected to be the racer's edge at this year's Indianapolis 500.

The turbocharged version of the winningest Grand Prix engine of all time — the Cosworth DFV — powered the winner and nine of the next 10 finishers in last year's Memorial Day weekend classic.

The DFV made its debut at the Dutch Grand Prix in 1967 and as-

tounded the racing world by winning in its first competition.

Now with 130 Formula One victories under its cam belt, the engine stands as the champion without a challenger. In addition, the DFV has powered the winners of the Le Mans 24-Hour Race, helped set a world speed record for power boats and, in its turbocharged DFX form, won at Indy three times.

The Ford DFV is a joint enterprise



between Ford Motor Company and British designer Keith Duckworth. His name, combined with that of former partner, Mike Costin, gives the engine its designation, "Cosworth."

Duckworth is chairman and chief designer of Cosworth Engineering. His design for the Ford three-liter, V-8 DFV power unit won an award from Britain's Design Council "for being best power unit of its kind in the

world."

A two-liter version of the Ford-Cosworth engine will be featured in Mustangs that have been specially prepared for racing by the McLaren Racing Team.

A McLaren-prepared Mustang took first place in the Grand Touring Prototype (GTP) class of the 1981 Daytona 24-Hour Race. □

Wardens of the Garden

Contrary to widespread belief, these creatures do not cause warts. Instead, they greedily gobble many insects that destroy crops and flowers

by Margaret Cooper Gay

LATE ONE AFTERNOON while picking peas for dinner I heard a plaintive chirping, so sweet I thought it was a bird's call and looked up and around until it sounded again, almost at my feet. There a big toad with puffed-out throat vibrating with its trills was frantically trying to escape from a tiny grass snake that nipped at its heels like an urchin teasing a fat man.

The scene was pathetic, and ridiculous, too, because the snake could not possibly have harmed the large toad, while the toad seemingly could have swallowed the little whippersnapper in a wink.

As I tossed the snake into the raspberry bushes, the toad cheeped despairingly and rolled over on its back, apparently dead of fright.

For several minutes it was still, appearing not even to be breathing. Then its legs stretched up and it

flipped over and began licking aphids from the pea vines as calmly as if nothing had happened.

Searching the garden I saw more than a dozen toads snapping up flea beetles, gulping grasshoppers, hunting more bugs to devour. The wardens of the garden were on the job.

Although toads eat many beneficial species of insects, they eat more of the insects that destroy our crops and our flowers than any other creatures. Caterpillars, cutworms, crickets, spiders, ants, wasps, hard-shelled locusts, even tiny plant lice that most bug-eaters scorn — all are caviar to toads. And toads are always hungry; to stay healthy a toad needs four square meals a day, and what meals!

Between sundown and morning one single toad will eat as many as 150 insects. One toad that was examined during a plague of army worms



was found to have eaten 55 of them, which, if stretched end-to-end, would add up to more than six feet of caterpillar!

In hunting, as in all other matters, toads are humble and industrious and gently ludicrous. When the long shadows of afternoon cool the grass, toads of every size come out of burrows in the ground, from crevices in stone fences or the damp shelter of a doorstep or the shade of a burly squash vine, and start off across the open spaces at a clumsy hop, propelled first by one hind foot and then the other so they seem to have three feet on the ground all the time.

A little toad that could sit on a dime settles down beside an anthill to dine. A middling toad pauses, peers, then leaps, throwing its tongue ahead and drawing it back with a hairy caterpillar firmly attached. The toad's tongue, you see, is hinged in front, loose behind and sticky all over, a sort of adhesive fly-swatter. The caterpillar, which is longer than the toad, writhes and squirms while its captor, clutching with skinny four-fingered hands, crams until its mouth is so full it can't swallow. Then, slowly, the

toad closes its big pop-eyes and they roll down into its mouth, shoving the caterpillar along and in a wink, or two, or three, it's swallowed. The toad is the only animal I know that uses its eyes for more than one purpose.

Toads' eyes are strangely beautiful. In dim light the black pupils are broadly oval, while in the sun they contract to flattened diamonds, at all times ringed in shining gold. The fire-bellied toad of France has heart-shaped pupils. This one beauty of the little clodhopper was a great misfortune during the Middle Ages when men believed that a magic jewel lurked behind the gleaming eyes. Uncountable toads were slaughtered in a vain search for the mythical toadstone which, if found, would sweat and change color in the presence of poison, and its touch would cure any person who had been bitten or stung by rat or snake or scorpion or other venomous creature.

Living toads were reviled as the familiars of witches, and thousands of people were killed for the crime of tolerating toads. Lucilio Vanini, the 17th century Italian philosopher, was condemned to be burned to death because a toad in a bowl was found in his house.

After the frenzy of witchcraft subsided, toads still were believed to cure fevers, stop nosebleeds, dry up dropsy and keep rats away. They were also believed to sour the wine, milk the cows, rob birds' nests and cause warts.

Even today in this enlightened age more people than not believe that



touching toads will give them warts. Toads do not cause warts.

Unless we count the sticky tongue used for catching insects, a toad has no offensive weapons. It has only one defensive weapon that is saved for a terrible emergency. The toad seldom survives the emergency, but its death leaves the tribe forever safe from the particular animal that killed it.

A happy toad has dry, soft skin, rather like pebbled leather, neither hot nor cold, certainly not clammy. If squeezed or frightened the toad instantly becomes as wet as a dipped sponge. This first exudation is harmless and seems to be merely a nervous reaction that also serves as a warning. If the warning isn't enough, the toad in its last agony exudes a whitish liquid that burns like fire wherever it touches mucous membrane. It does not affect the skin at all.

Every puppy or kitten that has the opportunity catches one toad. No dog or cat in its right mind catches a second. It is easy to understand that an animal which has caught one toad will never catch a second, but how toads are able to recognize reformed enemies is a mystery, yet they do.

Toads are long-lived. One French writer told of a M. d'Arscott who had a toad friend that lived under a step near the house and squatted in the light from a window every evening until d'Arscott took it in and fed it on a table. The toad lived for 36 years.

Toads always have been liked in France. Fifteen hundred years ago the banner of King Clovis was adorned



with three toads erect until, upon being converted to Christianity, he replaced the toads with fleurs de lys, not knowing, perhaps, that the toads helped the flowers to grow. Modern French gardeners take home toadspawn from the marshes and raise their own, or even buy toads and release them in their gardens and greenhouses.

People almost everywhere could do the same, for only the polar regions, Australia, Madagascar and a few islands are toadless. Toads have been found five miles high in the mountains of Tibet, and in mines a thousand feet below the surface of the earth.

More than a hundred species of toads are known, with the greatest diversity in Central and South America. Only three kinds live in Europe, and

east of the Rockies we have only four sorts; of these, *Bufo americanus* is everywhere "the common toad."

When cowslips gild the marshes and fern-crozierers are reaching for the sky, toads awake from their winter-long sleep underground. The males, each alone yet all together, head for still water without even pausing to snap up a gnat. The frogs are already there, the peepers peeping and the green frogs croaking, and now toads commence to sing, high-pitched and tremulous and wistful, a love song as old as sound.

Toads sang in the marshes of creation as dry land was rising from the water, before the first bird flew or the first flower blossomed. Only the male toad sings and he sings with all his heart, his throat swelling into a great pale bubble larger than his head, his funny four-fingered hands patting the ground while his gold-ringed eyes catch and hold the moonlight.

After a while the females arrive, fasting as the males still are after five or six months of hibernation, and as all will continue to fast until they leave the water about the beginning of July.

Meantime our gardens are not left unprotected, for toads do not breed until they are four or five years old, so the youngsters stay behind and gobble bugs while their elders are honey-mooning in the swamps.

All through the spring, toad spawn festoons the plants that grow in shallow water, hanging in long strings like gelatinous ticker tape. If not allowed

to dry out the eggs will hatch in any pool or well-kept aquarium, and there are plenty to spare, for one female may lay as many as 12,000 eggs.

At first the tadpoles are frail mites that cling to plants with adhesive barbels and in the mysterious manner of tadpoles grow and grow until they are full-fledged polliwogs an inch or so long, blundering little tykes that breathe through gills as fishes do and scratch at algae with fumbling mouths.

Then they grow restless, for evolution isn't done with them. They bob up to the surface to get air into their newly developing lungs, dive and pump water into the old gills, blocked now by growing forearms tight-swaddled across their chests. Gradually the gills cease to function and the lungs take over and the tadpoles can breathe only air. Feet and legs break free and dangle weakly in the water, not yet ready for dry land. For a time the tadpole lives on its tail, slowly absorbing it while a digestive system that was born purely vegetarian becomes purely insectivorous.

One day the tail is gone, and the homely tadpole squint is replaced by serene golden eyes. The toad that was hatched in the water never will be able to drink but must sit in a puddle and absorb moisture through its skin when it thirsts.

The sun goes down and millions of tiny dark toads spread off across the land in search of gardens where bugs are plentiful and their help is needed. □

It's the Great Ford Mower Giveaway!

Save now!



- Buy a Ford lawn and garden tractor, and we'll give you a 42-inch rotary mower **at no extra cost!**
- Buy a Ford Model 80 lawn tractor, and we'll give you a 34-inch rotary mower **at no extra cost!**
- Buy a Ford rider mower tractor, and we'll give you a mounted grass catcher **at no extra cost!**

Get the quality Ford lawn and garden equipment you need . . . at a savings you can't afford to miss!

Hurry! This is a limited time offer. Ask your participating Ford Tractor dealer for details. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Lawn mowers."



It's Easy Being Green

I thought you might be interested in how one of your vans is being used in an unusual way. I bought a green 1977 Econoline Van from Karcz Ford in Pulaski, Wisconsin, and the rest is history. I am a circus performer and do an acrobatic act as a frog, bending and contorting my body into tiny wooden barrels. Because I'm known

Birds of a Feather Flock Together

I am a 29-year-old professional guitarist-vocalist and recently bought



Prize-Winning Thunderbird Artist

My husband Mark is a vintage Thunderbird buff. He is also an artist. He has done a series of Thunderbirds, complete with the surroundings and people appropriate to the year of the car.

He has put the pieces in two art shows and they have won prizes. We currently are in New York as he pur-

as the "Froglady," I thought the license "A FROG" was definitely distinctive. The Green Van brings a smile to people on the road, and driving the van lights up the Froglady's face.

Mary Jr. Wengrzyn
Pulaski, Wisconsin



Greg Schmitz

a new Thunderbird from Gollinger Ford in Warren, Ohio. When my neighbor, 68-year-old Jim Cressey, went with me for a ride, he was so impressed that he bought a new Thunderbird, too. Moral of the story: The new-size, fuel-efficient Thunderbird is a car for all ages. Jim and I are both very pleased.

Ken Paltza
Garrettsville, Ohio

sues an art career.

Melody Bennett
New York, New York



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1,043 HWY. MILES* **762** EST. MILES*

Std. 22.1-gal. tank plus opt. 18-gal. aux. tank on 138-in. wb. Total: 40.1 gal.

Compare these estimates with others. Your mileage and range may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than estimated. California estimates lower. Range superiority may be due to larger gas tank size rather than better fuel economy.

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